

# RECORDER & TELEGRAPH.

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## THE CHEROKEES.

Willstown, Cherokee Nation, 2d Sept. 1825.

To the Editor of the Family Visitor.  
DEAR SIR,—In my last letter, from Creek Path, to you, I stated that there was some probability of my returning to Arkansas. I touch on the unhappy separation of the Cherokees into divisions—on the improved condition of those on this side the Mississippi, in a moral, intellectual, and religious point of view—their consequences that would follow, in the event of their removal to the wild and inhospitable regions of the west—that unless physical strength should guide the measures of the United States government, the Cherokee title to the land will remain so long as the sun and moon endure. The New Testament, in consequence of the non-existence of a dictionary, is a complete grammar, in Cherokee—the philosophical researches of one in the nation whose system of education had met with universal approbation.

Allow me, dear sir, now, the pleasure to fulfill the promise I made you, that I would pack up and send you what I had omitted. Recently I have been travelling a good deal in the nation, in order to regain my impaired health. My heavenly Sovereign permitting, I expect to return to Arkansas in the month of October next. I have made a hasty translation of the four Gospels, which will require a close criticism. On my arrival at Dwight, I shall pursue this delightful work, and I hope the day is not very distant, when the Cherokees, my brethren and kindred according to the flesh, shall read the words of eternal life in their own tongue. I will here give you a faint picture of the Cherokee nation and its inhabitants. In the meantime, however, it must be borne in mind, that it is the mass and common people that form the character of a nation, and not officers of government, nor the highest grade of peasantry.

The Cherokee nation, you know, is in about 35 degrees north latitude; bounded on the north and west by the state of Tennessee, on the south by Alabama, and on the east by Georgia and North Carolina. The precise quantity of land over which the Cherokees claim sovereignty, is not yet ascertained, and consequently I cannot say: but this I can really say, they have no more to spare. This country is well watered; abundant springs of pure water are found in every part. A range of majestic and lofty mountains stretch themselves across the nation. The northern part of the nation is hilly and mountainous. In the southern and western parts there are extensive fertile plains, covered partly with tall trees, through which beautiful streams of water glide. These plains furnish immense pasturage, and numberless herds of cattle are dispersed over them. Horses are plenty, and are used for servile purposes. Numerous flocks of sheep, goats and swine, cover the valleys and hills. On Tennessee, Ustansala, and Ganasagi rivers, Cherokee commerce floats. The climate is delicious and healthy; the winters are mild. The spring clothes the ground with its richest scenery. Cherokee flowers, of exquisite beauty and variegated hues, meet and fascinate the eye in every direction. In the plains and valleys, the soil is generally rich; producing Indian corn, cotton, tobacco, wheat, oats, indigo, sweet and Irish potatoes. The natives carry on considerable trade with the adjoining states; and some of them export cotton in boats down the Tennessee to the Mississippi, and down that river to New Orleans. Apple and peach orchards are quite common; and gardens are cultivated, and much attention paid to them. Butter and cheese are common on Cherokee tables. There are many public roads in the nation, and houses of entertainment kept by natives. Numerous and flourishing villages are seen in every section of the country. Cotton and woolen cloths are manufactured here. Blankets of various descriptions, manufactured by Cherokee hands, are very common. Almost every family in the nation grows cotton for its own consumption. Industry and commercial enterprise are spreading themselves in every part. Nearly all the merchants in the nation are native Cherokees. Agricultural pursuits, the most solid foundation of our national prosperity, engage the chief attention of the people. Different branches in mechanics are pursued. The population is rapidly increasing. In the year 1818, an estimate was made of all the Cherokees—those on the west were estimated at 10,000, and those on the east of Mississippi, at 10,000 souls. The census of this division of the Cherokees has again been taken within the current year, and the returns are thus:—Native citizens, 13,563; white men, 147; African slaves, 1277. If this summary of Cherokee population from the census is correct, we find that in six years the increase has been 3563 souls. If we judge the future by the past, to what number will the Cherokee population swell in 1850? How vain, then, to talk of Cherokee deterioration!

White men in the nation enjoy all the immunities and privileges of the Cherokee people, except that they are not eligible to public offices. In the above computation of the present year, you perceive that there are more African slaves among us.—They have been, from time to time, brought in and sold by white men: they are, however, generally treated, and they much prefer living in a nation to a residence in the United States. There is hardly any intermixture of Cherokee and African blood. The presumption is, that the Cherokees will, at no distant day, co-operate

with the humane efforts of those who are liberating and sending this proscribed race to the land of their fathers. National pride, patriotism, and a spirit of independence, mark the Cherokee character.

The Christian religion is the religion of the nation. Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Moravians, are the most numerous sects. Some of the most influential characters are members of the church, and live consistently with their profession. The whole nation is penetrated with gratitude for the aid it has received from the United States government & from different religious societies. Schools are increasing every year, learning is encouraged and rewarded. The younger class acquire the English, and those of mature age the Cherokee system of learning. The female character is elevated and duly respected. Indolence is discountenanced. Our native language, in its philosophy, genius and symmetry, is inferior to few, if any in the world. Our relations with all nations, savage or civilized, are of the most friendly character. We are out of debt, and our public revenue is in a flourishing condition. Besides the amount arising from imports; a perpetual annuity is due from the United States, in consideration of lands ceded in former periods. Our system of government, founded on republican principles, by which justice is equally distributed, secures the respect of the people. Newtown, pleasantly situated in the centre of the nation and at the junction of Ganasagi and Gusuwati two beautiful streams, is the seat of government. The legislative power is vested in, what is denominated in the native dialect, *Tsalagi Tsimlavi*, consisting of a national committee and council. Members of both branches are chosen by and from the people for a limited period. In Newtown, a printing press is soon to be established, also a National Library, and a Museum.—Immense concourse of people frequent the seat of government when *Tsalagi Tsimlavi* is in session, which takes place once a year.

Nothing has excited so much interest for many years past, as the unhappy fate of our friends and allies, the Creeks; and the whole nation deeply sympathizes with them. The news of McIntosh's death gave universal satisfaction in the nation. I say, satisfaction, the same that is felt when a dangerous rattlesnake is killed. McIntosh was a notorious traitor, and made great efforts to overthrow our happy domains. His character was well known here; treacherous deeds marked his steps. His intrigues and efforts to blast our hopes and interests, in a disgraceful manner, will never be forgotten—his name will long live in the annals of Cherokee history—not as an honorable and patriotic statesman, but as a traitor to his country, the most despicable Creeks that ever lived. This is the language of every Cherokee, and I am persuaded of every honorable man in the United States. Indeed none can forbear to eye his character with contempt, and who is there in the whole Cherokee nation to mourn his tragical end? Not one. But I have done, and have only room to promise you a letter from the banks of Arkansas, and respectfully to bid you farewell. Yours truly, D. BROWN.

## RELIGIOUS.

For the Recorder & Telegraph.

### ON CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

The subject of conformity to the world has engaged the attention of religious men in every age of the church. They have raised their voices against it, and have exhorted Christians to set their affections on something less fleeting in character, and better calculated to promote the happiness of man; on something more accordant with the revealed will of God, and more excellent in its influence on the heart. Moralists also, have enlisted occasionally on the side of virtue, and have employed the weapons of ridicule and of argument, in attempting to reform the manners, maxims, and fashionable follies of the age. Notwithstanding these warnings, the sons of men continue to pursue a wayward course, and fashion is still the despotic power to which millions of the human family bend the knee. Her laws are implicitly obeyed, not only by the mere man of business, by the votary of pleasure, and by the fastidious devotee of taste and intellectual attainments, but likewise by many who call themselves the followers of Christ; by those who profess to have gained the victory over the world, and consider themselves as pilgrims and strangers while passing through it.

Allow me, Messrs. Editors, to give you a few thoughts on a subject interesting to your readers as well as to others: and if on examination they are found to be of little value, the reader can easily turn to the next page, and let them pass for no more than they are worth.

Although a knowledge of our duty relative to conformity to the world is obligatory on all who call themselves the followers of Christ, yet this subject is one which is attended with difficulty, and concerning which there are many shades of opinion. The directions in the Bible are expressed in general terms, and the difficulty in the mind of the Christian is, to judge of the particular case by these general cautions and commands. The precepts are like the following:—"Be not conformed to the world;" "love not the world, nor the things which are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the father is not in him." "Use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away." These passages, and many others which might be quoted, do not prescribe the path of duty so definitely, and mark it in so lucid a manner, as to cause union of sentiment among conscientious persons. As this diversity of opinion is sometimes

so great, when special duties are brought into discussion, as to be a fruitful source of disputes and unfriendly collisions; so, likewise, persons desirous of obeying the precepts of the gospel, are frequently in doubt with respect to a particular custom, and hesitate whether they can adopt it and be innocent. In contemplating this subject, it has appeared to me, that a few plain rules of unquestionable obligation, might in their application clear up many doubts, and dissipate many misapprehensions & errors. I will state two, or three, which have occurred to my mind.

1. Let every particular custom, or fashion, which the Christian is called upon by the world to adopt, be examined by this test, *Is it accordant with the revealed will of God?*—It may to many seem unnecessary to urge a rule of this character upon Christians,—and yet, if I do not mistake, there are sins prevailing in our day, and in this land, which will be reproved by it. Allow me to mention an instance. It is customary and fashionable in many places for persons of respectability to be profane in their conversation. Now the word of God expressly forbids this sin. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain," is the plain and positive command of the scriptures; the Christian therefore cannot hesitate as to the path of duty. If he lives in a town where every individual is addicted to profaneness,—nay, if every one of the human family were profane besides himself, he is bound "to let his yea, be yea, and his nay, nay;" he is bound to "swear not at all, neither by heaven for it is God's throne, nor by earth for it is his footstool." There can be no compromise in this case. The crime must be avoided totally and absolutely. Now I would ask, do all who call themselves Christians abstain entirely from profaneness? Are there none of any name or denomination who sit down professedly to commemorate the dying love of their Lord and Master on the Sabbath, who, when the Sabbath is gone, and they are in anger, pollute their mouths with oaths and curses, and bring reproach on the name of Christ?

Let me examine a second case by the rule which has been mentioned. It is fashionable in many places in our country, to travel on the Sabbath, for business or pleasure; or when at home, to occupy the hours consecrated by the Almighty to his service and worship, in the reading of newspapers and magazines devoted to politics or literature, or in conversation concerning business. Now we respect to the manner in which the Sabbath should be kept, the Bible is express and unequivocal. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Can this law be misunderstood? Can I violate it under any circumstances, while I am a freeman, without sinning against God? Although the customs of a neighbourhood, or of a country, or of a world, contravene this law, yet its obligations are binding on every individual, and nothing but its repeal by the same authority which enacted it, can dissolve the obligation to obedience. It will be easily seen that as the finger of God first formed this law, so the customs of men, of rich men, of fashionable men, do not weigh a feather in abrogating its sanctions or its penalties. What shall we say then, relative to those who refuse to keep holy the Sabbath-day, but spend this time in trifling conversation, indolent indulgences, travelling or visiting? Can we say any thing, but that they are without excuse; that they sin against light and knowledge; that they know their Lord's will, but refuse to do it? Have we any persons of this description in our country? any in the country settled by the descendants of those Pilgrims, who fled from the land of oppression & settled in the wilderness, that they might enjoy civil & religious liberty? Oh "tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!" Were Davenport, & Eaton, & Hooker, to awake from their slumbers of one hundred and seventy years, and pass through the streets of New-Haven and Hartford on the Sabbath day, would they believe that these cities were now inhabited by their descendants, and by those of their pious neighbours?

There are many other fashionable vices besides profaneness & Sabbath breaking, concerning which we may ask, Are they accordant with the revealed will of God? It cannot be necessary that I should particularize them. Every Christian who has an enlightened conscience, can make the application for himself; and every individual who has the Bible in his hands, may have, and is bound to have, a conscience of this character. Were all the customs and fashions of the world which are forbidden in the Scriptures, relinquished by the followers of Christ; were they avoided and shunned, as paths which lead not to the celestial city, but to the camp of the great adversary of souls, at least one half of that sinful conformity which now exists, would cease, and the lives of Christians appear more consistent with their professions, and bear a stronger resemblance to that of their Lord and Master.

But as there are many cases of conformity to the world by the professing people of God, which are not pointedly and indisputably forbidden, may we not find by an examination of the Scriptures, a second rule, by the application of which we may clearly discern the path of duty? Christians are taught to "give none offence;" that "it is neither good to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." "If meat make my brother to offend," says the Apostle, "I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." The spirit of these directions I conceive to be, that Christians must not act in such a manner, as by their example to cause

their fellow Christians to do that which their consciences condemn; and that we must give up, and reject things even innocent in themselves, as for example, eating flesh, or drinking wine, whenever in consequence of indulging in this manner, our brother influenced by us, is induced to copy our conduct, and thus sin against his own conscience. But it may be asked, why is this conduct wrong? The Apostle has answered the question. "He that doubteth, is condemned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith, for whatsoever is not of faith, is sin." "When ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ."—We are commanded to love one another; and brotherly love is made so indispensable a characteristic of the follower of Christ, that it is stated to be a *mark* of him, wherever it exists, of sanctification. "We know," says the Apostle, "that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Now I would ask, how can we love our brother, and yet knowingly influence him to sin against his own conscience? How can we be willing to grieve him by that course of conduct which we believe he thinks sinful, and at the same time pretend, that brotherly love glows in our bosoms? Love worketh no ill to his neighbour.

2. In accordance with these remarks, I proceed to state a second rule, by which Christians are bound to examine themselves, and see whether in their compliances with the maxims and customs of the world they are not condemned. The rule is this. *Christians are bound to act in such a manner, as not to influence by their example, their fellow Christians to sin against their own consciences; and if necessary, in order to obtain from this conduct, they must even give up things in their own view innocent.* [To be continued.]

### RELIGION NOT SPECULATION.

An extract from a Sermon.

I have seen a professor of religion who seemed well high dead to the great motives of the gospel. He read his Bible much, and the volumes of theological discussion more. He was punctual in his attendance on public worship, & a careful listener to the preaching of the word. But I did not see him growing in grace and advancing in likeness to Christ, by his private studies, or by the instructions of the sanctuary. And yet he was able to discuss the doctrine of progressive sanctification; and he could demonstrate from the scriptures that all the saints are perfect in holiness. He talked of the sovereignty of God, and of the richness of his free grace; but when I told him of the outpouring of the Spirit on this church and that, and of the souls that were gathered into the kingdom, he betrayed no emotion. He was ingenious to interpret the sure word of prophecy; but when I spoke of the triumph of truth, and of the progress it is now making to universal dominion, he had little to answer. He understood the gospel in all its doctrines, and he could argue mightily with errorists of every description; but it was always without one symptom of that deep and burning inspiration that glows on all the pages of the Bible. You might see him in the house of God following the preacher through the mazes of an argument with an intensity of interest; but when the preacher came home to the feelings and the conscience, his interest was gone, and the countenance that just before kindled with animation, was blank and unresponsive of emotion. The result of all these habits was, that the holiness which kindles a glory like the glory of heaven along the path of the truly eminent Christian, shed no lustre upon him. The world called him a noisy polemic, and said—what dost thou more than others?

I have seen an impenitent sinner, who confessed himself to be such, & who was perfectly familiar with the doctrines of the Bible. In his earliest days he had been taught the system of Christian truth; and well he knew the arguments by which that system is supported. Proclaim to him the depravity and guilt of human nature, and he would quote a hundred texts of Scripture decisive of the doctrine. Speak of the terrors of the Lord; he could refute in a moment the delusion of universal salvation. Tell of the love and mercy that are offering eternal life to the acceptance of the guilty; he knew it all before, he could discuss and argue, and he could prove it throughout to his own complete satisfaction. All these overwhelming truths that belong to eternity were safely treasured up in his memory, with the questions and answers of the catechism which he learned in his childhood; but they had never come near his heart; and it would seem that the gospel was to him in his maturity, what the catechism was in his childhood—a system of abstract propositions to be committed to memory without one thought of their relation to his own soul.

Do I seem to have been picturing characters merely imaginary? How is it? In the range of your experience, have you met with no such men as I have been attempting to describe? You who call yourself a Christian, do you know any professor of religion like him of whom I speak, who can argue, and speculate, and defend the truth, but never thinks of being excited in view of its import? You who confess that you are still impenitent, do you know any impenitent sinner like him of whom I speak, conversant with all the truth of God, skilful and strenuous to defend his creed, and yet in all his correctness unmoved by the realities of eternity? And if such men are to be found, how do you account for the character which they exhibit, but by supposing that they are under a deep and deadly delusion—that they have utterly mistaken the very nature of religion—that they have forgotten the application of our text to the realities of an eternal existence?

I say then that I have not been contending with a shadow. The error of which I have spoken does exist, and it may be seen in its deadly operation. And as the messenger of God, I lift up my voice to-day, and warn you to deliver your souls from the influence of a sentiment so perilous. Look into your heart, and examine your own spirit. You hear the gospel preached; its doctrines are proved, its motives are urged upon you. Does all this enter your understanding and die there, like something abstract and unreal? Does it send through your spirit no thrilling emotion? Can it strike no chord of feeling within you? Then I warn you to escape from this perilous delusion. It will ruin you for ever. It destroys the very plan and purpose of the gospel. It which God is making. It hardens the heart. It stupifies the spirit, it leads the soul downward—and downward to hell.

### RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON-CITY.

[From the 6th Report.]

This Society has issued, since its establishment, 37,340 Tracts, containing 386,380 pages. Of these, 34,40 Tracts, containing 61,380 pages, were put into circulation during the last year. They were distributed as follows: 3000 to members of the Society; 940 sold to the Sabbath Schools of the City and Georgetown; and 900 gratuitously circulated amongst the poor and destitute at the Navy Yard, Greenleaf's Point, Capitol Hill, central part of the City, Poor House, Goal and Orphan Asylum.

From this statement it will be seen, that the operations of our Society are altogether local, being confined to the City and its vicinity. In looking over the waste and desolate places that on all sides present themselves, the Managers deeply regret the inadequacy of their means to extend to those who are ready to perish for lack of knowledge, the bread of life. The eye may fix itself on different sections of the surrounding country, where "darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people;" where the Sabbath is openly profaned by revelry and debauchery, and all the sacred institutions of religion are derided or disregarded. On such fields as these would we exert our influence, were we possessed of the means. And shall we appeal in vain to our Christian brethren: shall so cheap, so simple, and yet so powerful a means of good, as the dissemination of Religious Tracts amongst these benighted souls, be neglected? If one little tract, not half a cent in value, has been instrumental in the salvation of many souls of infinite value, what can we imagine will be the glorious result, when millions of these silent messengers of mercy shall give in an account of their faithful labours at the judgment of the great day?

Brethren—do you want to accomplish a great deal of good with a little labour? Distribute Tracts.—Do you want to prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight his paths? Distribute Tracts.—Do you want to hasten the day "when the Kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ?" Distribute Tracts. Do you ask for evidence of the beneficial effects that have followed the circulation of Religious Tracts? The single fact we have stated in the former part of this Report, respecting the British and Foreign Bible Society, is sufficient to give to the Tract cause a value, compared with which, a million of words like this, in the eye of the Christian, sink into utter insignificance. Is this the language, think you, of enthusiasm? Compare it then with the words of Him who made and redeemed the soul of man: "What shall a man profit if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Weigh now these solemn words in the balances of eternity, and tell if you can, the value of the soul. And it is so, that this soul may be, and is, in numberless instances, plucked as a brand from the burning, through the instrumentality of a Religious Tract? And shall not the children of God, in imitation of Him who, whilst on earth, went about doing good, go forth and scatter light and life around their paths, through the medium of these successful preachers of righteousness; thus manifesting their love and union to Him who hath loved them, and given himself for them? We believe that to those who have tasted of the good word of life, the appeal will not be made in vain. We most solemnly call upon you then, fellow-Christians, to come up with us to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Here is no neutral ground; "for he that is not for me is against me," (saith the Lord) "and he that soweth not with me, scattereth abroad."

Amongst others that have entered the field of labour with us during the last year, we are happy to see the name of the "Baptist General Tract Society of Washington." May the blessing of the Most High rest upon it, and may the Holy Spirit move upon it, and cause it to send forth many streams that shall gladden the City of our God!

In conclusion, we would render our fervent thanks to the God of all grace for the many favours we continue to experience at his hand as a Society. We have sweetly realized, in times that are past, the fulfilment of His comforting and encouraging promise, "the bruised reed I will not break, the smoking flax I will not quench." We are still encouraged to hope in his mercy; believing, that as long as we remain faithful, He will never leave nor forsake us: ever desiring to bear in mind the Apostolic injunction, "be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

\*The Swearer's Prayer.



## THE TWO WISHES.

[By the Rev. Casar M. Allen, of Geneva.]

Old Andrew, blind and very feeble, supported by a staff and leaning upon the arm of his wife, as aged and almost as feeble as himself, was passing slowly over the bridge at the entrance of the town.

Andrew. Mary, let us stop and rest; we must be near the great stone.

Mary. Here it is! Gently: now sit down and take breath.

Ah! my breath is now very short, and soon will stop; but I am not afraid. I know in whom I have believed.

We are both near our end; the days of the years of our pilgrimage are almost fulfilled, and they will not return. Although the night in which our souls were wrapt is passed away, yet it is coming on with respect to our bodies; they are nearly worn out, and already bend towards their last home—the grave.

My dear Mary, do not call it their last home. Have you forgotten that Jesus is the Resurrection and the Life, and that those who sleep in him will rise again, according to the words of Job, "In my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold," though they are now closed in darkness; and my body will be raised in a glorious form.

While saying these words, Andrew raised his sightless eyes toward heaven. He sighed and added, "Then I shall again behold the light of day! Oh, blessed morning of eternity! quickly dawn, dawn upon a poor blind man."

M. You do right to remind me of these things; and I need to be told of them continually, for, as you know it is not long since my soul was as blind as your body, now I can see *Jesus* to what you just said.

A. Yes; to use the words of the Apostle, "If I had hope in this world only, I should be of all men most miserable." My days are nearly ended, and what have I left as to this world? I am blind, helpless, and become so poor, that for some months we have lived upon charity. But it is the will of God, and blessed be his name. He can make rich, he is light and life, and in him is life eternal. Yes, life eternal! (repeated he, joining together his trembling hands,) when once we are in heaven we shall never leave it! and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, neither shall there be any more pain; but we shall be forever with the Lord—Mary, what is that noise?

Two carriages were passing by, the persons in them seemed full of mirth. In the first were an aged gentleman and lady, with some friends; in the other were several servants, with baskets of provisions and other preparations for a feast.

At that moment a gentleman stopped the first carriage, and said, "How are you, my good friend? You seem very well, and very gay; are you going to make a holiday?"

The old gentleman in the carriage replied, "Yes; it would do me to be buried alive, from one end of the year to the other; we like to enjoy life while it lasts. This is our fifteenth wedding day, and we are going to be merry in the country. You see we are already making the most of it."

The friend. You are quite right, drive away sorrow and cast away care; let us laugh while we can.

The old gentleman. Yes, yes, we are just of your mind; we are not folks who will look grave to-day, because perhaps we may be unhappy to-morrow. Here we are; we mean to enjoy to-day, and leave to-morrow to take care of itself.

The friend. Well said; I see you are not inclined to be melancholy; some twenty years hence may I be as gay as you are now. That is my wish, and it is as good as a man need make.

The carriages drove on. Andrew sighed. "Come Mary," said he, "let us move homewards. What a wish! All their desire is that they may eat and drink, and amuse themselves for twenty years to come. Are not they sinners? Is it not certain that they must die? How awful is such a state of mind!"

Mary. These things you must do as they see fit. He who beholds all things has heard them, and perhaps, even to-day, they may be brought to repentance, and to the hope that is never assumed.

Andrew. May our blessed Saviour have compassion upon their souls, and lead them to serious thoughts of eternity.

Just then a minister of the Gospel passed by. He saw old Andrew tottering along. His desire of appearance, his feeble body, his blind eyes, and wrinkled countenance, all excited the compassion of this servant of Him who, when upon earth, went about doing good.

He accosted the old man and said, "My aged friend, may the Lord, our God and Saviour, comfort you under your troubles."

Andrew. Thank you, Sir, thank you; God bless you for your kindness! May I ask you what it is that speaks so kindly?

The minister. It is one who is sorry to see you so wretched here, and would remind you that there is a powerful and merciful Saviour ready to hear your prayers, if you seek him; even Christ Jesus, who came to save sinners, and whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

A. Blessed Saviour! it is one of thy children who speaks so kindly. Sir, your kind words rejoice and console me. I feel to-day more feeble and cast down than usual. I venture to say to you, that I long to depart hence, and to be with Christ.

The minister took Andrew by the hand, and said, "My aged brother, your desire will soon be fulfilled. And fear not. He who began this good work in your heart, will carry it on to the end. Has he not said, 'Behold, I come quickly'?"

Mary. Thank you, Sir, for speaking words of peace to such poor old people as we are. May the Lord repay your kindness.

Andrew. I shall be still better pleased, my friend, if you will accept this trifle, which God has given me for you.

He also put some money into the old man's hand, and, after having expressed this wish, "May the Lord grant you his peace, and may he soon put you into possession of the mansion prepared for you in his Father's house, where there is life eternal."

"Sir, may your wish be speedily fulfilled," said the old man. "It is the wish of a child of God, and we shall rejoice when it is accomplished."

Andrew and Mary proceeded homewards, and made this reflection upon what had passed: "He who was of the world wished for the things of the world; but he that was of God wished for heavenly things." There is our treasure, and there are our hearts also.

Translated from the French.

## THE IRISH CATHOLIC AND HIS BIBLE.

A young man had obtained possession of a Testament, and had read it very studiously, which coming to the knowledge of the Catholic priest, he came instantly to demand the Book, and by way of fine, for the offence, had imposed a sum of private confession, by which the family was obliged to provide a dinner for the priest, and his party. Every possible threat was used towards the young man, and, at last, the priest, from the altar called on his audience to join him in cursing those scandalous rascals, (his very words,) the Bible readers, and afterwards called in the same way on them to join him in cursing the young man. This the lad, whose name was Robert, resisted, and said, "please your reverence, I am no rascal; I am honest, and father is honest, and my only fault seems to be, the reading of a book which has made me a better man." This speech had so enraged the priest, that he rushed from the altar, and would have sprung upon the young man for the interpretation of the audience, and more especially the women. They, however, all joined in crying out, "knave down, and beg his reverence's pardon." "I shall do no such thing," said Robert, "he has called me a rascal, and that's more than any man can prove me." He therefore refused to go; but shortly after, the priest seeing him in the market, trying to separate two men who were fighting, the priest interfered, and flogged him severely, under the pretence that he was an aggressor, though the real reason was his reading the Bible. No content with this, he had likewise procured his dismissal

from his situation, by which he supported himself. This account being sent to him, (Mr. Butterworth) he sent some relief, and suggested the idea of Robert's being appointed a Scripture Reader to the Society; but such was the animosity excited against him by the priest, that it was declared that he could not any longer remain there without his life being in danger. He, therefore, had thirty shillings given him, and was sent to London. When he arrived, he (Mr. Butterworth) asked him how he had disposed of his passage money; to which Robert replied, that his father was but poorly off, and he had given him half, and by walking from Liverpool to London, had contrived to make the other fifteen shillings last. When he arrived, Mr. Butterworth had two gentlemen of high rank with him at breakfast, and they had been moved to tears by his simple story, and the artless simplicity he displayed. He was sure the Meeting would be glad to hear, after the little history they had heard of Robert's fate, that he was now filling a situation most creditably in London, where he was receiving double the salary of which he was deprived by the machinations of the priest in Ireland.—Eng. Bapt. Magazine.

From the Western Recorder.  
A HAPPY AFRICAN.

On the bank of one of those lakes, which are scattered through our western country, at a place where the water, running up into the main land, formed a little cove, safe from the effect of the storms, lived a poor African, who gained his subsistence by fishing. His history is short, but instructive. Poor Cesar had been torn from his country, and from the beloved circle of his relations, to administer to the pleasures of affluence. After having lived a few years among slaves in Virginia, with the master who bought him from the slave friend that he loved, to accompany his owner to the then western wilds of our state. His master purchased a large farm on the border of the lake; and employed the slaves in its cultivation. Cesar having a real affection for him, laboured with fidelity, and his master treated him with his exertions, at length gave him his liberty, and the small spot of ground on the shore of the lake above mentioned. Being particularly acquainted with Mr. B., his worthy master, I resolved, while on a visit to that section of the country, to spend an approaching Sabbath at his hospitable mansion. After the services of the day, in which I had been more than usually impressed with the solemnity of the preacher, I wandered alone at sunset, along the beach of the lake, ruminating on the power and goodness of God. Lost in meditation, and indifferent to what was passing around me, I turned up the little bay that ran into the land, when my attention was called to a spot, whence proceeded a voice as in earnest supplication. I cast my eye thither, and beheld a little log-hut placed beneath some venerable oaks, that waved their branches as if to protect it from harm, and at a little distance, a small spot of ground enclosed with an impenetrable hedge. The hut fronted the lake, and from it to the shore there was a gradual descent, to where a little canoe was drawn up upon the beach. I waited till the voice had ceased, and then drew near the cottage. The barking of a watchful little dog brought to the door a grey-headed African, who proved to be Cesar. I followed him into the cottage, and after some conversation, demanded the cause of the fervent address which I heard proceeding from his hut. He hesitated answering me, but at last exclaimed, "Ah Massa: dere be berry great God, dat make boie you and me!" "And was it in this God that you were addressing yourself?" asked I.

"Yes Massa," he said, "I pray he bless me, and de oder peoples." "What makes you pray to him?"

"O, me be one berry great sinner; me can do nothing widout him." "And do you believe he will assist you, and give you all you ask?" "Yes, yes," exclaimed the aged African, his eyes beaming with confidence and enthusiasm, "daugh my heart be black like my face, he make him white like yours." In short, I spent an hour of most interesting conversation with what appeared to be a simple and uneducated man.

He had been accustomed to spend his Sabbaths, (being the only time he was not otherwise engaged,) in his canoe upon the lake, catching fish, for which he obtained ready money at the market. On one of these occasions, he had rowed into the middle of the lake, and was so earnestly engaged in his pursuit, as not to observe a heavy storm lowering in the west. As soon as he perceived the danger, he strove to gain the shore, but before he had accomplished half the distance, the storm burst upon the lake, and threatened to overwhelm every thing in its progress. In the words of pious Cesar, "de wind be roar, and de water be run like ebber ting. Me berry much fraid. Me say, when you chine here again me don't know. Me piddle wid all I could, but did no good. I tink I was gone. Dea I tink of God. When he say I die now. Bime-be come a great water, push ginst de canoe. Me tink he up-set. Me piddle, and piddle, and piddle, at last me git to de shore, almost dead. But me begin to pray, and member what Mr. V. de minister say, and me ask God to forgibe me. Pretty soon, something like me in here, Cesar go dey! and sin no more. I used like to swear, now me like to pray. O, Massa, you don't know how good he be. Me pray all time, if me had no corn."

After some further conversation with this humble follower of Jesus, I bade him farewell, and as I walked back to my friends, I thought of the passage, "Ephraim shall stretch forth her hands unto the Lord."

## PHILIP HENRY.

Every Lord's day evening, each of the children of this excellent man used to come to him, and repeat the following sentences, the father solemnly adding his amen, and saying, "So say, and so do, and you are made for ever."

"I take God the Father to be my chiefest good and highest end—I take God the Son to be my Prince and Saviour—I take God the Holy Ghost to be my sanctifier, teacher, guide and comforter—I take the word of God to be my rule in all my actions—I take the people of God to be my people in all conditions—I do likewise devote and dedicate unto the Lord my whole self, all I am, all I have, and all I can do. And this I do deliberately, sincerely, freely, and for ever."

## WARNING TO GAMBLERS.

The Report of the Nassau Hall Tract Society, read at the annual meeting in Princeton, some time since, relates the following anecdote in illustration of the good effects resulting from the distribution of Tracts.

"One of the almoners of the Society," says the Report, "was permitted to witness for his own encouragement, and has reported for ours, a remarkable instance of the force of truth, when presented in the unpretending form of a tract. This gentleman observed a club of gamblers deeply interested in their infuriating and mischievous game. By means of a child, he conveyed to the gaming table a tract, entitled 'Warning to Gamblers.' It caught the eye of one of the players, who took it up and began to read it aloud. The weight of the sentiments, the vivacity of its style, and the singular and alarming nature of some of the facts narrated, excited the attention of his comrades. Its solemn truths impressed their minds. At once they unanimously desisted from their sport, destroyed their cards, and repaired to a religious meeting held that evening in the neighborhood. They were apparently much affected, and with solicitude requested more tracts."

## PROTESTANTS IN FRANCE.

A strong disposition exists in France to separate from the Catholic Church and to adopt Protestantism, on account of the interference of the priests in all affairs, public and private. A rich merchant of Lyons lately abjured the Catholic faith, and published his reasons therefor. These being reprinted in a Paris Journal, it was immediately seized by the government, on pretence of its being the effect of party spirit. The Catholic clergy are much alarmed and vexed at the course taken by several fathers of families, who, though Catholics born, choose to educate their children as Protestants.

## LONDON PAPERS.

from the London Recorder, dated Oct. 17, 1825.

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"What is the employment of holy, happy angels? Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?—to deliver from want, defend from danger, support and relieve in sickness, comfort in the hour of death, and safely conduct over Jordan, God's afflicted people? To cultivate a habit of benevolent enterprise, to aspire after, not only the same kind of employment, but also the felicity of heaven."

"By sympathizing with the afflicted, and bestowing your charities on the poor, you imitate Christ;—name, the very mention of which should excite in our souls the warmest affection, and the highest gratitude. And pleasing is the thought, that there are many here, to whom the example of Christ is an inviolable argument. The Apostle Paul, when he would waste the church at Corinth to deeds of sacred charity, points them to the example of their Lord.—'Ye know the trace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich yet for your sakes became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich.' And how efficient this argument was with them, let the poor saints at Jerusalem testify."

"Should you behold some mighty prince descend from his royal chariot, and with his own hands supply the wants of a miserable beggar,—illustrious as would be the example of condescension and of pity, it would be utterly eclipsed by that exhibited in Christ."

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A remarkable prominence is given to this duty throughout the written word.

As to the manner of giving, the preacher remarked, it must be done cheerfully.—"God loveth a cheerful giver." It must be done discreetly—not generally without a knowledge of the circumstances of the person assisted, nor without good evidence that it will not afford encouragement to idleness, nor become an occasion of vice in any of its forms. It must be accompanied, when practicable, with moral and religious instruction and counsel. It must also be done with a desire to glorify God.—The Discourse was concluded as follows:—

"Now, shall the love of wealth stand in the way of your aiding this object? O, consider that the time allotted you for its enjoyment, is short!—When you behold your possessions burning up in the conflagration of the last day, will you not wish you had given some portion of them to the suffering poor when they cried for relief? Who holds in his hand all that you call yours? What is your title to it, but his indulgence? How soon may you be stripped of your wealth, and yourselves or your children become as burdensome to others, as others are now to you! Have you not read, that riches take to themselves wings and fly away?"

"A tempest may sweep over the deep, and leave but a wreck of your most richly laden ships; or the flames be commissioned to lay in ashes your storehouses, your dwellings, and your workshops; or disease to weaken your limbs, spread paleness over your countenances, and lay you, or your dearest friends, low in the grave!—But are they to grieve you as they are? God's gifts to you? Do you say I am always giving? I am not God always bestowing! Is your patience almost exhausted? O, how wonderful is the patience of God!"

"Finally: shall the forbidding circumstance of the poor, prevent any of you from relieving their wants? Stay a moment!—are there no Lazaruses among them? Draw aside the curtain of eternity—do you not see them in Abraham's bosom? There are no seas or gulphs between them now; their tattered garments they have exchanged for a robe of light—they are washed in the blood of the Lamb—neither spot nor wrinkle have they, nor any such thing. They have now, is exchanged for the celestial paradise—the narrow and degrading ignorance, for that divine influence in which they see as they are seen, and know as they are known! Let us remember, my beloved hearers, that we all, as sinners, are poor and miserable, blind and naked; and let us repair to him in whom all fulness dwells. Let us secure to ourselves those garments, which was not old, and a treasure in the heavens; which are the only riches that will be of any value, when the rich and the poor shall stand together before the judgment seat of Christ."

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The Fatherless and Widows' Society embraces about 500 members, whose annual subscription is various, from 25 cents to \$5 each. Its total receipts during the year preceding the anniversary meeting, amounted to \$213.91. Of this sum, \$189.87 have been expended by the Trustees, at various times, in relieving the wants of more than one hundred widows with their children—most of them in very destitute and distressing circumstances. In all these cases, a knowledge of their condition has been acquired by means of personal visitation on the part of the Trustees.

"I failed," says one of the Trustees in his Report, "one cold winter's morning, on an aged widow, whose subsistence had chiefly been on the charities of individuals and the small sums bestowed by this Society, being unable to do any thing for her own support. On asking her what she most needed, she replied, 'A little wood, if you please—as we are burning our last stick, and we have no means of obtaining more.' After telling her I would procure her some, she observed to her daughter, who had been weeping at the prospect of their destitute situation, 'Did I not tell you, our Heavenly Father would provide some way to relieve our wants? He never has left me to suffer for the necessities of life, and I believe he never will.'—But, said I, what will you do for food? as my means will only allow me to furnish you a little fuel. 'God Almighty,' said she, 'who put it into your heart to visit me in this time of necessity, will send some friend to supply my other wants.' She left her wishing many blessings on the Society."

Another widow who had three small children, to support, &c. by hard labor had much impaired her health, called on a Trustee to receive her monthly allowance from the Society. On being told the funds were nearly exhausted and she could receive but a small pittance this month,—"Well," said she, "if it be but a trifle, it will be a great relief to me, as to-morrow is the Sabbath, and I have not a piece of bread, nor a morsel of anything to give my children to eat. What little I have earned, I was obliged to pay away for rent."

She took, said the Trustee, what few necessities I had to bestow, and said, "Now I shall return with a light heart." Thus, as in many cases, "was the widow's heart made to sing for joy."

Another Trustee says,—"I visited an aged widow, whose abode and scanty meal, which she was about to partake of when I entered her humble dwelling, bespoke poverty; yet a smile was upon her countenance, and she spoke of the goodness of God in supplying her temporal wants. Her gratitude for what was bestowed by this Society, I could wish many of you had witnessed. She then spoke of the goodness of God to her soul, and of the comfort she enjoyed in her lonely situation—adding that, with the Bible in her hands, she thought she could be happy under any circumstances in

which God should see fit to place her.—O my friends, I ask you to consider the happy case of this poor widow! She was rich in faith; and appeared in readiness to depart and be with Christ. I could not but exclaim, as I passed from her door, 'Contented poverty!—the widow who had been long afflicted with sickness, and whose sufferings, which had at times been severe, because God hath done it. 'It is his will; do; and surely I ought not to complain. I am surrounded with many mercies.'—This was an interesting case, as the person, in early life, was in the enjoyment of the comforts, and many of the elegancies of life—now not only deprived of them, but her strength fast wasting away, and she apparently near her final home."

Another Trustee says,—"One aged and decrepit widow, industrious widow, who had the misfortune to be over in the street, and so much injured as to be unable to do any thing, was a very interesting object of the Society's charity. Before the accident, although very old and infirm, she and her daughter, by their industry, were enabled to gain a support without asking aid of others. During her sickness she was often visited by the officers of this Society, and received such assistance as she required. She expressed much gratitude for their kindness to her, and to the last inspired the blessing of Heaven for their prosperity. She bore her sufferings with Christian piety, and resignation to the will of God."

The second anniversary of the Suffolk Auxiliary to the Massachusetts Domestic Missionary, was held in Essex St. Meeting-house, on Tuesday evening last. Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, the audience was not large. The services were conducted in a very appropriate manner, by the Rev. Dr. Jewett of the Marine's Church. Sermons—Text, Isa. 22.—"What shall one then answer the messengers of the Lord?" That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the people of his people shall trust in it." The collection amounted to \$90.80.

In the course of his sermon, Dr. Jewett referred to the following fact, to show the necessity of domestic missionaries, in order to bring under the influence of the gospel those strangers who are constantly removing into the city.—A man, who was a professor of religion, a few years since removed his family to Boston, and took up his residence in the most immoral part of the town. The continuing influence of the neighborhood soon produced its fatal effects on those whom it was his duty to have led in the way to heaven. Two of his daughters were the first victims; vice and dissipation hurried them to a premature grave. In the same year, another, who at the age of 28 was unable to read, became the companion of a man who afterwards deserted her, and left her to die on a straw, which was laid upon the floor of a cellar apartment. Two of the sons were seen together in a room of the late jail, placed there at separate times, and for different acts of immorality.—the youngest, whom, if living, is now in the army, and at the age of 26 unable to read. The father of this family once a week, in his own house, was a scene of wretchedness. His widow sunk into a life of guilt. A third son, in whom alone of the whole family a spark of grace appeared, died at the Suffolk Hospital in comfort; but left his companions to idleness, and she drew with her a once interesting daughter, the same fatal snare, and both have been inmates of the House of Correction.

From this picture, dark as it was with crime and misery, we have withheld one trait (not mentioned in the sermon, but since ascertained) as too disgusting to the sensibilities of our readers. We would not dwell, in view of such a fact, whether a domestic missionary, or a workman, might not, by drawing this family under the influence of the gospel, be the blessing of God on his word, have prevented or lessened its depravity and wretchedness, and rendered it a scene of domestic piety, virtue and industry, gratifying to angels.

WAT-HMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

From all we can learn of the state of religion in New England at the present time, we are led to think it a season of more than usual decision. A gentleman who has recently travelled from Littlefield, through Berkshire County to Canada lake, visiting numerous places in the vicinity of his regular course informs us that in all this distance, he found but two of three towns which were blessed with a revival of religion. These are in the western part of Vermont. There are likewise revivals in Littlefield and Sudbury.

The late report of the Lincoln (Me.) Unconnected churches, 13 in number, speaks of religion within their bounds, as "lamentably low;" and from the report of the York conference, embracing 16 churches, 4 of which while 44 persons have been removed from past year by death or other causes, only 28 have been added—leaving the present number 808.

In Massachusetts there are encouraging facts relative to the progress of religion in Salem, Grafton, Blandford, a part of Plainfield & Hawley, Woburn, Belcherown, Monson, and a few other towns. There have recently been considerable revivals in churches in South Hadley, Abington, Easton, Braintree, Chester, South Andover, and some other places.

Yet, when it is considered how few are the Societies favored, compared with the whole number in the state, there is surely abundant cause of humiliation. It is not to satisfy the friends of Christ among us, that various schemes of benevolence are honorably entered upon;—that meetings for religious worship are so frequently held;—that so many efforts are made to do good;—that so many hearts







